UPON THE

MARRIAGE

OF THE

Prince George of Denmark

WITH THE

LADY ANNE:

And his being Installd

Knight of the Garter.

A Pindarick POEM.

Ut gaudent patres Æneas & avunculus Hector. Virg.

I

ALmighty Love! who can thy Ways define?
Thou small Intreaguing God, thou'rt all Design;
Thy Quiver and thy Darts are farther known
Than the gay wandring Bow w^ch in the Clouds is shewn;
Thou keep'st the Gods themselves in awe
By thy Universal Law.

II

Jove, though amidst his stores of Rain and Hail,
Against thy Secret Flames can nought prevail;
Thou breakest through his Guards, and with thy Dart
Dost pierce the groaning Monarch to the Heart.

(Around her look) A cast her Veil)

Neptune,

Into

Neptune, though all around with Waves oppreſt,
Yet by the Ocean finds his Love increaſt,
Like Water which on Fire's caſt.
Nay, thou beyond the Tropicks canſt approach,
Where *Sol* in all his Journey dare not touch,
Let it be Torrid, or the Frigid Zone,
There an Empire thou doſt own,
Which wou'd both Temperate be,
Were it not, bold God, for Thee.
Denmark, which lies remoter from the Sun,
With as brisk Flames, we find, as *Britain* burn:
Thou firſt didſt fire the Prince's Heart,
Then to Her Breaſt the Meſſage ſtreight impart;
He own'd thy Power, and never ſtay'd,
But thy Godſhip ſoon obey'd:
Led by thy Light through rowling Seas he mov'd
To meet his Royal Love.
He fear'd no Rocks that lay between,
So that within her Breaſt none cou'd be ſeen.
He fear'd not what from Seas and Winds cou'd come,
So that her Breath did not pronounce his fatal Doom.
Thus *Veſta's* Flame it ſelf did once maintain
Through the black Deep, till it the Port did gain,
Till it at *Rome* had reach'd the Sacred Fane.
Nor did he long expect his Doom,
He did but *Come*, and *See*, and *Overcome*.
By Parlee and Capitulation
In ten days ſpace her Virgin Fort he wone.
An eaſier Conqueſt *Jove* cou'd never boaſt,
No Miſtreſs ever ſtood him in leſs coſt,
When Cloiſter'd *Danae* he wou'd gain,
To bribe her Keepers he was fain;
With Gold his Godſhip then was forc'd to buy
New Morſels and Supplies for his Almighty Luxury.

II.

Pardon, Bleſt Pair, theſe rude unpoliſht Lines,
With which a Loyal Muſe wou'd now approach your Shrines;
Like ſome young Virgin, who when half undreſt,
(Around her looſely caſt her Veſt)

Into

Into the Croud with eager steps does goe
To gaze and wonder at the pompous Show.
Wellcome, Great Prince, to our *Once* happy Shore
(For this one time, dear Land, thy pardon I implore)
For many years the Pride of all the Floud,
The Envy of the Western World it stood;
In this our Isle, as once of *Rhodes* was said,
The Sun was never thought to hide his Head:
Antiquity with all its searching eyes,
Cou'd never fancy or devise,
That once in *Ægypt*, or in *Albion* Clouds cou'd rise.
Let Fortunate or Happy now no longer be its name,
But style it henceforth *Europe*'s shame:
As in Greek Story, we of Countreys reade,
That for their Sins have often chang'd their Breed;
Of Men or Manners, so, no more appears,
But all are here transform'd to Lions, Dogs and Bears.

III.

But the Mistaken World may fancy yet
That Happiness here keeps her peacefull Seat,
Who see our thronged Streets still ebb and flow
With Waves of people crowding to and fro;
Who with such artfull beauty and surprise
See all our Palaces and Temples rise,
Who see our Navies daily plow the Main,
With a full Harvest blest of dear-bought gain;
Some fraighted with the Golden Spoils o'th' West,
Some with the shining Entrails of the East:
So a poor Swain viewing a Tyrant's state,
With secret envy does applaud his fate,
But yet ne'er learns to prize his own dear peacefull Rest,
Nor sees those inward flames that wrack the gaudy Pageant's Breast.
Thus *Ætna* to the distant Sailers sight
Shews with a Top that's verdant, flourishing and bright,
But yet within its burning Womb contains
Nothing but Brimstone, Lime, and scorching sulphurous Veins.

Yet from these Mists, Great Sir, that darken all the Air
A sudden Joy does dart, and scatter our despair,
When thus by you a way we open'd find
How the Fates may still be kind,
How by your Royal Progeny
We and our Sons may ever happy be.
So have I seen a kind auspicious Star
Shine forth, and guide the wandring Traveller,
While all else stood with thickest Night beset,
This sparkled like a Diamond set in Jet.
So from two warring Clouds black teeming Womb
Oft have I seen the frisking Lightning come,
And trembling run o'er all the Azure way,
And with its Light create a short-liv'd Day.
Th'unruly Many now shall cease to rage,
Or ever more disturb the Age.
No more shall *Schism*, and bold *Anarchy*
Among our English Manufactures numbred be;
Pale *Faction* now shall hang its drooping head,
It shall be through the World expreſt
That Oracles are once more ceas'd,
That the *Old Cause*, the mighty *Pan* is dead.
These curst heart-burnings and ill-boding Flames
Shall hence be exorcis'd by your Illustrious Name,
As Culinary Fire,
In the Sun's beams does lose its force, and streight expire.
The giddy Rabble, and the Beasts of Prey,
Shall by your Nuptial Fires be scar'd away,
As men in *Africa* do Bonfires rear,
To keep from them the Lion and the Savage Bear.
Then for our British Annals talk no more
Of one St. *George*, his Deeds, and wondrous Power,
This is their Man; him the Great *ORDER* shall
In future times their Saint and Patron call,
And what before was Legend, Fable, Lie,
Shall pass for current and Authentick History.

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